This doth not ſo: for this diuideth vs.
Some ſay the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
I would that now they had changd voyces too:
Since arme from arme her voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence with Huntſvp to the day.
So now be gone, more light and light it growes.
Rom: More light and light, more darke and darke our woes.
Farewell my Loue, one kiſſe and Ile deſcend.

He goeth downe.

Iul: Art thou gone ſo, my Lord, my Loue, my Frend?
I muſt heare from thee euerie day in the hower:
For in an hower there are manie minutes,
Minutes are dayes, ſo will I number them:
Oh, by this count I ſhall be much in yeares,
Ere I ſee thee againe.
Rom: Farewell, I will omit no opportunitie
That may conueigh my greetings loue to thee.
Iul: Oh, thinkſt thou we ſhall euer meete againe.
Rom: No doubt, no doubt, and all this woe ſhall ſerue
For ſweete diſcourſes in the time to come.
Iul: Oh God, I haue an ill diuining ſoule.
Me thinkes I ſee thee now thou art below
Like one dead in the bottome of a Tombe:
Either mine ey-ſight failes, or thou lookſt pale.
Rom: And truſt me Loue, in my eye ſo doo you,
Drie ſorrow drinkes our blood: adieu, adieu. *Exit.*

Enter Nurſe haſtely.

Nur: Madame beware, take heed the day is broke,
Your Mother's comming to your Chamber, make all ſure.
She goeth downe from the window.

Enter

Enter Iuliets Mother, Nurſe.

Moth: Where are you Daughter?
Nur: What Ladie, Lambe, what *Iuliet?*
Iul: How now, who calls?
Nur: It is your Mother.
Moth: Why how now *Iuliet?*
Iul: Madam, I am not well.
Moth: What euermore weeping for your Coſens death:
I thinke thoult waſh him from his graue with teares.
Iul: I cannot chuſe, hauing ſo great a loſſe.
Moth: I cannot blame thee.
But it greeues thee more that Villaine liues.
Iul: What Villaine Madame?
Moth: That Villaine *Romeo.*
Iul: Villaine and he are manie miles a ſunder.
Moth: Content thee Girle, if I could finde a man
I ſoone would ſend to *Mantua* where he is,
That ſhould beſtow on him ſo ſure a draught,
As he ſhould ſoone beare *Tybalt* companie.
Iul: Finde you the meanes, and Ile finde ſuch a man:
For whileſt he liues, my heart ſhall nere be light
Till I behold him, dead is my poore heart.
Thus for a Kinſman vext?
Moth: Well let that paſſe. I come to bring thee ioyfull (newes?
Iul: And ioy comes well in ſuch a needfull time.
Moth: Well then, thou haſt a carefull Father Girle,
And one who pittying thy needfull ſtate,
Hath found thee out a happie day of ioy,
Iul: What day is that I pray you?
Moth: Marry my Childe,